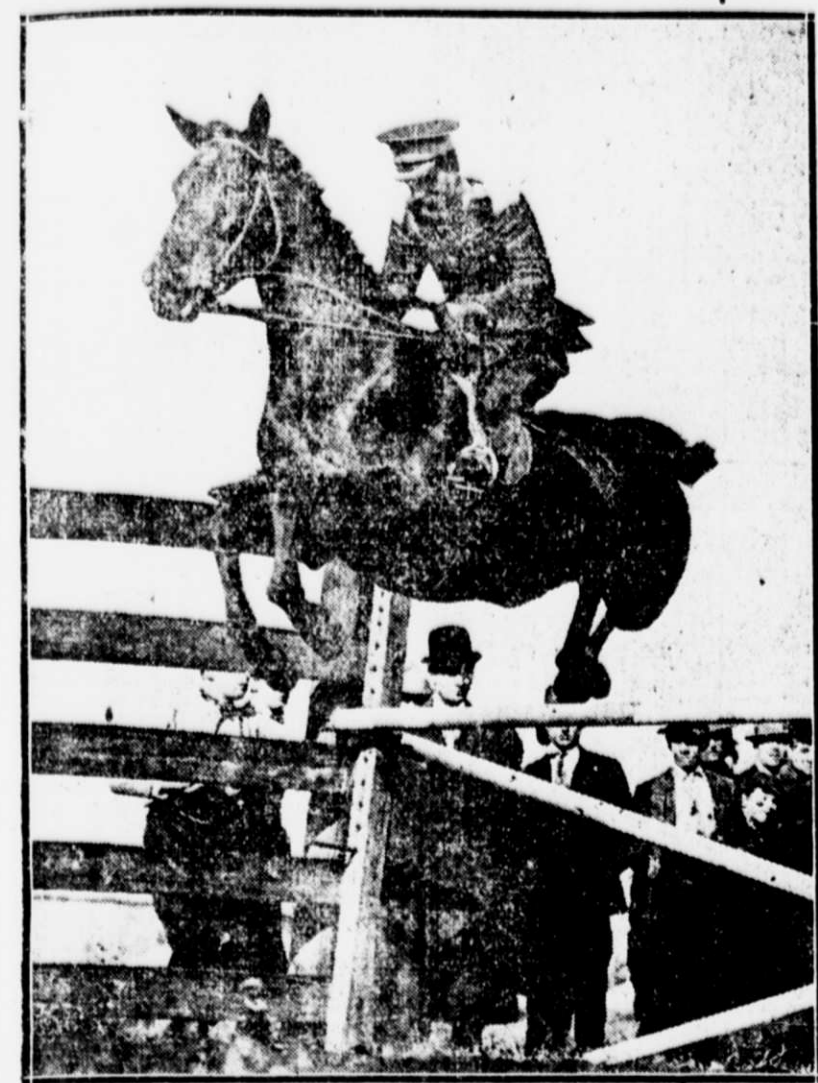


CAVALRY OF THE NATIONS AT THE LAST HORSE SHOW AT THE GARDEN



COL. PAUL A. KENNA, V. C. D. S. O., TWENTY-FIRST LANCERS, ENGLAND.



LIEUT. GORDON JOHNSTON, SEVENTH U. S. CAVALRY, ON OTTAWA.



LIEUT. CLARENCE K. LYMAN, FOURTH U. S. ARTILLERY, ON BULLER AND LIEUT. ISAAC S. MARTIN, FOURTEENTH U. S. CAVALRY, ON MINERVA.

The meeting of foreign and American army officers in competition at the Horse Show will give a decided international character to the show this year. Military events add life to the contests. Foreign officers have been here before, but this year there will be more of them.

It was expected that Italy would send some of her famous cavalrymen, but the war with Turkey has kept them at home. There will, however, be British Hussars, French Dragoons, Dutch Uhlans, United States Cavalry, Canadian Colonials and Belgian Chasseurs who will give exhibitions of riding and of jumping in the special classes.

There are eight events of an international character, five of which are open to all nations and all branches of the service. The others are for officers only. Last year the foreign officers captured nearly every prize. At the London show early in the summer the United States officers did not do well, but they have been able to school thoroughly the horses which were presented to the army by wealthy patriotic Americans and they expect to show that the American horse and officer can perform as capably as any from Europe.

This will be the twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association. It will be the last Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. The first was held in the old Garden and it was the Horse Show promoters who raised the necessary funds and built the present arena.

The show will open next Saturday and will hold public attention until the night

of the following Saturday, November 25. The entries are larger, the quality of the horses entered is better and the number of individual exhibitors is larger than in former years. Those who have large stables of show horses have not named as many horses as usual, but smaller exhibitors have more than made up for this loss. The show will be more representative. The attendance promises to be larger than formerly if the management can judge from the applications made for tickets. All the arena boxes and many of the tier boxes have already been sold. This year 300 owners have made nominations as against 282 last year. The premiums this year amount to \$40,000, which exceeds last year's list by \$7,000.

The international jumping competitions are for officers only and are open to all nations and all branches of the service. The horses must be the property of the officers or their Government and be ridden by officers in uniform. The first event is for a cup donated by Judge William H. Moore. The association adds three cash prizes, \$150, \$75 and \$35. The horses will be first required to jump a gate or board fence 4 feet 3 inches high, then a stone wall 4 feet high and then a double post and rails 4 feet high and 20 feet apart. This course is to be ridden over twice.

J. R. Muirhead offers a cup and the association cash prizes for teams of two officers of the same nationality, the fences to be taken two abreast. This event was won last year by the British, and the horses and men were perfectly aligned all around

the course. Adam Beck of Canada offered last year a challenge cup valued at \$200, which is to be won twice by the same regiment before it becomes the property of the winners. Last year it was won by The Nut, owned and ridden by Lieut. C. F. Walwyn of the Royal Horse Artillery of England, and Lieut. Walwyn will try to win it again this year with the same horse. A new prize this year is the America cup, offered by the Hotel Martingale for teams of three riding abreast. This cup is valued at \$500 and must be won twice. Robert A. Fairbairn has offered a cup for the broad jump over the water.

In these military classes Great Britain will be represented by Col. Paul A. Kenna, V. C. D. S. O., Twenty-First Lancers; Lieut. Geoffrey Brooke, Sixteenth Lancers; Lieut. Walter Brooke, Yorkshire Light Infantry; and Lieut. C. F. Walwyn, Royal Horse Artillery. The Dutch officers who will compete are Baron H. F. M. Van Voorst, tot Voorst, First Lieut. C. H. Labouchere and Lieut. Trappan, all of the Royal Dutch Artillery, Haarlem.

Captain-Commandant V. Meyer of the Twenty-sixth Dragoons, Dijon, France; Lieut. J. P. Bessiere of the Fourth Division of Cavalry, Steney, France, and another French officer will represent the Flemish. Uncle Sam's soldier horsemen, under command of Capt. Guy V. Henry of the United States Cavalry, will be Lieut. Arthur W. Holderness, Ninth Cavalry; Lieut. Ephraim E. Graham, Fifteenth Cavalry; Lieut. Louis A. Beard, Sixth Field Artillery; Lieut. Clarence K. Lyman, Fourth Cavalry; Lieut. Philip W. Barker, Sixth Field Artillery, and Lieut. Isaac S. Martin, Fourteenth Cavalry.

Judge William H. Moore as usual will be the largest individual exhibitor. He has named twenty horses which will compete in thirty-three classes, and in this string are the three which won championships at the London Olympia in the



LIEUT. C. F. WALWYN, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, ENGLAND.

At the Tawdrey House

The Ultimate Remedy

It is hard to fight against a popular delusion. I remember once vehemently protesting to Mr. Flewcomb, our landlord, against his unjust shurs.

"Curiosity is not my besetting sin, sir," I repeated.

"You're right there, Sniffen," he sneered as he turned away. "You never give it a chance to beset you."

And so it went and goes and keeps going until there is no possible use of denying, and all because a lonely old codger with nothing else to do takes a kindly interest in Tawdrey people's affairs.

However, for my own satisfaction at least, I must now declare in the beginning that curiosity had no part in my becoming involved in the extraordinary affair of the Bowlings. It was accident, chance, fate.

I was packing up my light clothes and having out my heavy clothes that bright fall morning in the little interior room of my suite at the Tawdrey House, with the shaft window open of course for light and air. Presently, in the midst of my absorbing industry, I became aware that I was hearing, and indeed had heard, an intimate talk between Mr. and Mrs. George Bowling, who occupied the apartment directly overhead.

"Don't give way, Flora," he was saying. "It is so unlike you, it breaks me all up. Think how comfortable we are here, with my pleasant acquaintances and not a soul suspecting. At the worst it will be a long time; and time is my friend. The money will surely go over the next week. My bail is as reliable as a rock. Who knows what may not happen?"

"Well, and hope that is all you ever say, George," she sobbed, "when in the end you are doomed just as surely as some poor creature reserved for sacrifice. This letter from Evanston shows that the case is hopeless. You shouldn't wait, you should act now while there is time, while we have money. We can put Agnes in a finishing school. The world is wide. I don't know how adroit and daring I could be."

"I know how devoted you would be, Sniffen," interposed Bowling sadly. "Where could we flee in safety? Electricity does the fugitive the world over. There isn't a land where he cannot be tracked by extradition or the comity of nations while he is alive."

"While he is alive, George, while he is alive," she whispered. And then, as an excited murmur is really more annoying than distinct speech, I went into my room, there to wait until I could work without distraction.

I looked up the newspaper; but no; I could not read. I was too amazed and horrified.

George Bowling, that mild and melancholy gentleman, a criminal awaiting trial under an assumed name! Flora

Bowling, that brilliant, dashing woman, urging some scheme to avoid the law so desperate that she hardly dared breathe it. It was incredible.

I had liked them both and seen much of them during that hot spell in town we had had home together. Their niece, Agnes Hance, a neutral tinted little creature, was pretty enough, but too demure and silent for me to care much about. But the Bowlings, so agreeable, kind, hearted and generous, it was incredible, and yet, it must be true. So I sat wondering, lost to the lapse of time.

Yes, I was really too agitated to resume my work under the most favorable circumstances. I must seek the luxury of business, the courage of the crowd. I put on my things, I went down the lonely corridor and by the silent rooms, long and fixed for the day by the maids.

As I came to the stairs a man stumbled out of the single room at the bend reserved for transients. He seemed uncertainly, even groping with his hands, and in the strong light from the well I could see that his hair and beard were long and unkempt and his eyes were bloodshot. There was something else that was holding my attention besides the fact that the clothing had once been expensive and fashionable, but now was the gray, stained face, strategically, provokingly familiar, when suddenly he turned to shiver convulsively, to lie still. He gave one agonizing sigh as I went over him and then there was froth on his lips. There was sweat on his brow, he was dead.

I turned cold as a shadow as of death fell upon me. Mrs. Bowling was gliding down the stairs, her black eyes sparkling, her red lips wan; she was by my side, gripping my arm imperatively.

"Not a word, but quick, quick, help me bear him to your room!" she urged. As in a dream I hurried with her up the lonely corridor and by the silent rooms until I found the dead man on the floor of my parlor. Then the consciousness of what she had prevailed upon me to do struck me.

"Madam, madam," I gasped, "this exceeds the bounds of good nature! Who is this man? What do you mean?"

"I don't know, I don't care who he is," she replied, her eyes sparkling, her lips full red, now smiling triumphantly. "Don't you see, don't you see? Properly clothed, his hair and beard trimmed, he will readily pass for George!"

It was done, obnoxious, impossible as I would have declared it all to be, it was done under the compelling fervor of Flora Bowling. By night the stranger's body was awaiting burial as the body of George Bowling in the undertaker's chapel nearby, whether it had been summarily packed off by the altruistic management of the Tawdrey House. By night the real George Bowling himself was hidden in my interior room, which it was my fussy custom to keep locked except when at stated intervals the maid was allowed to enter for the purpose of cleaning, and from which the stranger's body had been drawn through the shaft to the apartment above.

Not a question was raised as to this stranger's whereabouts. He had come,

paying for a night's lodging in advance, as thousands had come. Of course he had gone about his business in the morning, as thousands had gone, at his own convenience.

Then later in the evening, having ostentatiously announced my wish down stairs to go to bed early and not be disturbed by any one, I dared, behind locked doors and drawn curtains, to bring my compulsory guest out into the parlor from his hiding, for all my fears I was forced to admit that the plans which he and his wife had laid through the whispering gallery of the shaft were as likely to be successful.

Briefly stated they were as follows: After a private funeral interment was to be had in one of the city cemeteries, and then passage was to be engaged on an Atlantic steamer for the widow and niece as Mrs. Flora Bowling and Miss Hance, and for himself under another assumed name. Would I keep him until the day of departure and help him out of the hotel in disguise?

"But the physician's certificate?" I objected gaspingly.

"That has already been filed," explained Bowling. "Dr. Norrington, as you know, is my friend. He has been treating me for valvular trouble. He certified the cause of death as heart disease without a question."

"But your money," again I stammered, "there must be administration, you know."

"All the money I have, and there is a sufficiency, is in my wife's name," he replied.

I own I sat for a time trying to conjure some obstacle that would stay me. Then as I watched his careworn face, so courteously patient and yet so latently entreating, as I listened to the restless pacing to and fro of the woman upstairs, wild to be contriving and cooperating, yet forced by prudence to keep the seclusion of grief, I realized that I could not refuse, however much in my timid heart I would.

After all, I assured myself, willingly I have been dragged into the mire. The quickest way out of it is to struggle through to the further side.

"I will help you in every way I can," I said simply.

"Oh, so noble, and so nobly done," he murmured brokenly. "Why, you haven't even asked my real name, my history, the nature of the charge against me, my guilt or innocence."

"I don't wish to know," I interposed. And yet this was a thing of which I had a refutation of that stigma of being curious which, as I have said, had so wanly been fixed on me.

"But you must, my friend," he persisted gently. "For your future peace of mind, for my present self-respect. Know then that I, through a most iniquitous—"

And then it was that down the shaft and through the inner room's open door swept startling sounds, a heavy rat-tat, a hoarse tread, a woman's scream.

"Go, go! Oh, my poor Flora!" cried Bowling. "Don't think of me, go!"

"If you are her friend," retorted one of them coolly. "Then you know, or should know, that Bowling isn't her right name; that she is the widow of George Menard, the defaulting bank president up the State. Oh, we have known where he was and how he was passing himself all the time. As soon as the United States District Attorney heard of his sudden death he telegraphed insisting on an autopsy. One has been made. Death was produced by poison. Here is a warrant for this woman, charging her with murder. Madam, I insist. You must come at once."

And down the stairs they led her, while the elevators flashed to and fro, leaving at every story a gaping Tawdrey crowd, so much for curiosity!

I hurried ahead to the hotel side entrance, where a palatial wagon waited.

"Mind, no surrender," she whispered as she passed; and out she went a trifle in advance of the two guards, like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine.

At length I had succeeded in forcing Menard through his wife's peremptory message to settle himself for the night in the interior room. At length under the weight of anxiety and grief he was dead asleep. I sat in my parlor, striving vainly to work out escape for her, for him, for myself.

There came a slight sound on the door like the rustle of a mouse. I opened it. In slipped a neutral tinted little creature, with demure lips and heavy eyelids drooped. Agnes Hance, a very mouse herself. I put my finger quite unnecessarily to my lips. I belted the door. I sat close beside her on the sofa to which she had tripped, stepping on air.

"You have never liked me," she began softly, distinctly, composedly. "I think you have always distrusted me. I don't blame you, I am unworthy of liking or trust. I am a traitor."

"What to those who have befriended and cared for you?" I gasped.

"To whom else would it have been traitorous?" she retorted calmly. "Tell me, do you know about the case against Mr. Menard-Bowling, as you call him?"

"Not from himself. I only learned of his identity at the time of the arrest, and since then he has been too much worried about his wife to think of anything else."

"His wife?" she sneered. "It is a pity about her. Yes, his wife, your aunt. But of course I read of the case in the papers last spring and I know that he is accused of looting the bank through the unusual method of substituting forged securities for the genuine ones held against long time loans. Early in the evening he started to tell me that he was the victim of an iniquitous—"

"He is good, kind, unsuspecting, not bred to business nor overkeen. We simply worked him. It is a pity about her. Yes, his wife, your aunt. But of course I read of the case in the papers last spring and I know that he is accused of looting the bank through the unusual method of substituting forged securities for the genuine ones held against long time loans. Early in the evening he started to tell me that he was the victim of an iniquitous—"

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In tremulous tones I read it aloud. It ran as follows:

Dear George: The only news I have to send you is bad news. I duly asked the District Attorney to join with me in investigating the report that a man who closely resembled you stopped from time to time at the Branch Hotel, but we could find no possible trace of him. On the contrary, Perkins, who runs the joint, a stupid, good natured fellow who can have no ill will toward you, declares that he thought all along that it was you, up to some game.

To make matters worse, in searching the room that this mysterious man always assumed, lots of bond paper and seals and stamps of various colored inks were found which the District Attorney insists prove that it was there you did your nefarious work. You know how he harps on how clever you were with your pen when a boy at school.

I am going to keep fighting on in your interest even more vigorously, but at present have nothing further to suggest than to wait. An ultimate remedy should mean that you should have thought all along that it was you, up to some game.

I looked at the postmark. It showed that the letter must have been received on the afternoon of the day before.

"The second!" I muttered, "to have given such a hint and disappearing man. No wonder those poor people must have talked and talked the livelong night and well into the morning when I, when I—"

"When you overheard them?" she concluded simply. "Ah, I have listened too. You see my room is directly over theirs, just as yours is directly underneath. That is how I know that the substituted body which you all dragged up the shaft must be Henry's."

"Henry? Is Henry? Oh, do you mean that distressed looking stranger, who dropped dead in the hall was the mysterious man who did the forging at the Branch Hotel and with whom you and Evanston must have conspired? Who was he? Tell me."

"He was Henry Hurcomb, an Englishman of rank and education, handsome, brilliant, fascinating and my lover," began Miss Hance. "I met him at the seashore three years ago and that woman, Mrs. Menard, wouldn't let me go with him or speak with him. He was in poor circumstances and wrote cards in the hotel office, and the servants told queer stories about him."

"He was young, fresh and clean shaven then, and she never would have thought him like uncle, even if he had looked at him. But she would have nothing to do with him. I must have nothing to do with him. You never knew any one so arbitrary."

But he came to the village after me, he said, he knew something of Evanston and he said if I would act as a go-between he could make the spurious certificates and Evanston could put them in place of the good ones. And so we did, and so they did, again and again.

"But the more Henry got the more he wanted; and then came the discovery. He disappeared. I never heard from him; I never saw him until he came, yes, he must come, to beg, to beg of me, who would have given my life and more, and I saw him, dear, dear!"

With a fearless moan she sprang to her feet to stand before me, a neutral tinted mouse no longer but an emanation of fire and flame.

"And that is why, old man," she went on fiercely, swiftly, yet softly still to the added terror of it, "that is why I bared my soul to you, not a help, but to avenge."

"I don't care for your motive," I said doggedly. "You are going to help. I'll raise your uncle this instant, and tell the whole story to him."

"And I'll deny every word of it. Do you think wild horses could ever drag it out of me? Wait, wait, you want my

spring. Alfred G. Vanderbilt will exhibit only three horses—Sir James, winner of the Naia cup last year, and Hertas and Hamlet, harness horses. Mr. Vanderbilt thinks that as he is the president of the association he should not compete for the prizes. J. W. Harriman will show a select string, including Nala, the champion pig horse, and Lady Dillham. Among others who will have exhibits in the pig horse and harness classes are Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Clarence H. Mackay, Justice James W. Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., J. Campbell Thompson, Richard Trimble, Jr., Mortimer L. Schiff, Dominic Lamonte and Frederic and Henry W. Bull.

Many fine animals have been exhibited at the smaller summer shows in the country, and these will be seen here for the first time. They will meet old champions and some new ones which have been brought over from the other side of the Atlantic.

Among the new exhibitors will be Edward McLean of Washington, who will show seven horses in the heavy harness classes. These horses have been successful at the Atlantic City and Washington shows. Ambrose F. Clark will show his hunters and jumpers in eleven classes. Mrs. E. C. Bowen of Greenwich will exhibit her string of harness horses and ponies.

Other exhibitors include J. Sumner Draper of Milton, Mass.; G. F. Stephens of Cleveland, Thomas J. Feroe of Tivoli, N. Y.; George Clausen of Port Chester,

Bryce Wing, Millbrook, Payne Whitney of Manhattan, Miss Grace Watt of Larchdale, N. Y.; Mrs. S. F. Haerett of Cleveland, E. B. White of Leesburg, Va.; Miss Mary Gardner of Staten Island, Robert Douglas Coe of Oyster Bay, Miss Claire A. Knapp of Bellport, L. I.; Mrs. George Wallen of White Plains, N. Y.; Mrs. Hugh Bancroft of Boston, Henry Lawrence Dell of Bayville, L. I.; Haneoca Stock Farm, Edward C. Hutter of White Plains and Colin Campbell of Montreal.

Col. Spencer Borden of Fall River and H. R. C. Watson of Brandon, Vt. have several entries in the classes for Morgan horses.

James Dunn of Coombe, Surrey, England, has sent over several horses, including Biskara, winner of the high jump at Olympia last summer; Premier, winner of the Diana cup for saddle horses at Olympia; Cousin Jack and Skyscraper, jumpers, and Sylvia Gray and Dartmoor, Shepherd, saddle horses. Miss Helen Preece, one of Britain's most daring cross-country riders, is coming from London to ride Mr. Dunn's entries. Because of her bravery in riding the horse Merrinder, which had turned over the rail the previous day and killed a bystander, Miss Preece was commanded to appear before Queen Mary at Islington last August and was commended for bravery. Geoffrey Preece of New York, who is Miss Preece's uncle, will show five new horses of his own as well as eight blue ribbon winners from the stables of Harry L. Piers of Leominster, Mass.

from a waiting room into the witness chair to sit with downcast gaze and pursed lips, again a neutral tinted mouse. In the excited press forward I saw that Evanston was convulsively drinking a glass of water, which he as hastily perched on the pitcher on the table, and then my attention was caught and held by Mrs. Menard's black eyes. Her lips were moving. I somehow knew that they said "Not a word of George."

"Where were you, Miss Hance, at the time of your aunt's arrest?" asked the Magistrate.

"I was hiding, listening, watching."

"Well, what did you see or hear that was germane to this inquiry?"

"I saw one of the three men drop a powder into the water pitcher they took away."

"Do you—no, I'll take another order of proof," reflected the Magistrate. "Step down for the present, miss. Joslyn, take the stand."

As one of Mrs. Menard's two guards advanced Agnes Hance slipped down to a chair by the table. Evanston bent forward, his hand extended, with a strained smile on his white, damp face. She smiled in turn, insensitively, disdainfully, and as if to emphasize her indifference she turned her head and complacently sipped the glass of water.

"Was there a third man with you and Coombs, Joslyn?" demanded the Magistrate.

"Yes, your Honor. He dared to show us the rooms, we thought he was one of the clerks."

"Oh, that queer tasting water! I am poisoned! I am poisoned!" screamed Agnes Hance, writhing on her seat and tearing at her hair. "Wait, wait! Let me tell before I die! There is the man, Robert Evanston, and she levelled her finger at him as he sat with his head down, his arms tightly folded. "I recognized him at once, though he was well disguised. It was he, it was he, who got the forged securities and robbed the bank! It was he who murdered my dear Henry Hurcomb. Look at him how he chokes with guilt!"

"What she says is true except about Hurcomb," gurgled Evanston. "I mean to, but he was dead before I came; I don't know how, I swear! Oh!"

As they bore the stricken two into the waiting room, where the doctors worked over them earnestly but in vain, my attention was caught and held by Mrs. Menard's black eyes. Her lips were moving. Again I somehow knew that they were saying, "Not a word of George!"

Well, I didn't say a word of poor Menard. It wasn't necessary; it would only have involved me in trouble, and when I told him of his wife's wishes he of course weakly consented to stay as dead as every one thought he was. In the end, after the case against Mrs. Menard collapsed for lack of proof, they carried out their original plan of going abroad. I never saw or heard of them again.

One day, when I was passing by the single room under the stairs whence Hurcomb had issued to drop dead so opportunely the maids were having a time with the lock.

"Oh, don't bother any more," said one of them. "The key of K-3 opens it; don't you remember?"

Then I knew that Evanston had told the truth in his dying denial; then I knew that it was fear that made Mrs. Menard want her husband to stay dead. K-3 was the number of their suite. Had she not in some way managed to apply to Hurcomb the ultimate remedy which Evanston had given to Agnes? Somehow I seemed to know.

uncle vindicated, you want that woman freed, don't you? Well, so it shall be within another day or two; it will do her good to stay that long where she is."

"Evanston must be caught in a trap. It was he, it was he, that murdered my Henry. He had to put him out of the way for his own safety. Who else will have to put out of the way to make that safety sure? He knows I am here, oh, wait, wait!"

I laughed at her wild fancy, but I consented to wait.

IV. The next morning, bright and early, as the only possible means of keeping poor Menard within bounds, I went to the hearing set at the police court. Early as I was, Mrs. Menard was already awaiting the disposition of minor cases, in the Magistrate's office, with a bailiff at each door, and a sharp faced, narrow eyed man, sitting by her in close conversation.

"This is our good friend and lawyer, Robert Evanston, Mr. Sniffen," she said, "who came down at once when he learned of my trouble."

Craving permission with a bow, Mr. Evanston drew me apart into one of the deep window nooks.

"I shall waive examination the first thing," he said decisively. "My resources are such that I have already learned that the prima facie case is pretty black; and I don't care to have it spread in the newspapers to the prejudice of the public."

"How black?" I asked. "I had expected an honorable discharge for lack of proof."

"The water pitcher," taken from the room, has been found to contain the poison," he whispered. "Did you ever hear of anything so rash? But I can cite a dozen notable cases where women poisoners have destroyed all their precautions in just such a heedless way; for instance there was the Hartung case before the Albany Oyer and Terminer."

"Ah, his Honor must be ready for us. I will tell you more on the way back to the hotel where I should see if there is anything I can do for that desolate child, Agnes Hance."

The proceedings that ensued were therefore brief and formal. "The defendant, having waived examination, is held without bail to await the action of the Grand Jury," announced the Magistrate. Whereupon the idlers hustled off and the witnesses summoned for the case, among whom I noticed Dr. Norrington and the two guards who had taken Mrs. Menard from the Tawdrey House, prepared to leave more leisurely. I was just about to bid Mrs. Menard farewell and good courage and Evanston was tugging somewhat nervously at my arm, when bang! came down the gavel on the desk.

"I must ask all you people to remain," announced the Magistrate, the defendant, the witnesses, and you, Mr. Evanston, and you too," dignifying me with a point of the handle. "Officers, close the door and let no one out or in. Having cause to believe that a crime in the nature of the one just charged has been committed, I am about to institute a preliminary ex parte examination under section 482 of the Consolidated Charter. Miss Hance, take the stand."

It was indeed Agnes Hance who slipped